

A Fawcett Publication

YOUNG EAGLE

JUNE

10¢

NO. 10



THRILL TO
THE WEST'S
MIGHTIEST
INDIAN WARRIOR

IN

THUNDER
RIDES THE
TRAIL

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Young EAGLE

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W. H. Smith & Co., President

Young EAGLE

in THE RENEGADE

AFTER THE INDIAN, QUICK.
HE STOLE THE ARMY
MARELL!

I NEVER THOUGHT TO
SEE MY MEN SHOOTING
AT YOUNG EAGLE!



4TH OUTLAW HERE SWEEPING SOUTH TOWARD THE BORDER, LUMBERING AND LOOTING IN THE MOST SAVAGE AND BRUTAL GUANTILLERIE OVERBELLION ONLY THE STEEPCORN COURAGE AND GALLANT FIGHTING HEART OF YOUNG EAGLE COULD SAVE THE TERRITORY FROM CIVIL WAR.

AND THEN THE SITUATION WOULD HAVE TURNED THROUGH—YOUNG EAGLE HIMSELF HAD TURNED OUTLAW AND RENEGADE!

ONE AFTERNOON IN COLONEL SCOTT'S OFFICE AT
FORT WARD.

YES, YOUNG EAGLE, IT'S VERY STRANGE. THIS TERRITORY IS THE TOUGH-EST IN THE WEST, BUT WHEN IT'S BEEN FISHED, CRIMES ARE COMMITTED.

AND THESE REPORTS SAY THE MOST CRIMINALS ARE DISAPPEARING FROM THEIR HAUNTS!



FOLLOWING RIFLE DRAGO, THE CLAYEST AND DEADLIEST GUNSLICK IN THE AREA, AND HIS PARTNER, COWBOY ONE!

WHATEVER IS HAPPENING, IF THOSE TWO ARE MIXED UP IN IT, IT'S A DEVIL'S BRIM. HAVE YOU HEARD OF THEM, COLONEL?



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SOME TWO DAYS LATER...

THE COLONEL'S KEEPING HIS PART OF THE PLAN UP TO SCHEDULE. THESE FORSTERS HAVE SPREAD THE NEWS OF MY TURNING ROADSIDE ALL OVER THE TERRITORY.



COME ON, CLAWFOOT, WE'RE HEADING FOR THE BADLANDS. IT'S TIME FOR THE NEXT STEP IN OUR PLAN!



THE NEXT DAY, ON THE EDGE OF THE BADLANDS...

THAT'S IT, CLAWFOOT, PUT THE ROLL-BALL IN THAT TREE. IT WILL BE SAFELY HIDDEN THERE UNTIL WE RETURN FOR IT.



BUT AS YOUNG EAGLE COMES OUT OF THE CANYON--



SOLDIERS! COME ON, THUNDER! LET'S GO!

WE'LL DICK INTO THIS OVERGROWN ARROYO. IT'S OUR ONLY CHANCE.



WHEW! THAT WAS CLOSE!

--THEN SURELY YOU CAN FEEL THIS RIFLE IN YOUR BACK, TOO!

OVERHEAD CAME CRASSO'S PARTNER:

WE'VE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU TO COME OUT OF THAT CANYON. WE WERE ABOUT TO KILL YOU WHEN THE CAVALRY TOOK OVER!

THE ARMY'S ANNOYED WITH ME FOR A JOB I PULLED LAST WEEK.











BUT HE MUST BE A
SPY. HE'LL WARN
EVERYONE ABOUT
THE RAID DOWN IN
PREDSTONE VALLEY.

THAT'S JUST WHAT HE WANTS
HIM TO DO. HE SUSPECTED
HIM ALL ALONG. WE'RE
USING HIM TO CONFUSE
THE SOLDIERS AND
LAWMEN.



WHILE THEY'RE CHASING
ACROSS THE TERRITORY
LOOKING FOR THE MAIN
BUNCH, DRAGO AND THE
BOYS ARE ONLY FIVE
MILES FROM HERE.

THEN WE'RE NOT GOING
TO RAID THE PRISONERS!
THAT'S RIGHTLY SLICK,
USING THE INDIAN AS
A DECOY.



COME ON, MISH, LET'S RIDE. WE'VE
GOT TO GET WORD TO DRAGO.



CAME BACK AT THE PORT

THOUGH WE WERE FORCED TO PLAY
A TRICK ON THE GARRISON, NEVER-
THELESS IT HELPED US GET THE
INFORMATION WE NEED.

AS LONG AS THE PATROL'S
SAFE, I GUESS CONGRATU-
LATIONS ARE IN ORDER
FOR YOUNG EAGLE.



WE'LL SAVE THE
CONGRATULATIONS
FOR LATER.
FOR NOW, RIGHT
NOW WE HAVE
TO MOVE
FAST.

YOU'RE RIGHT.
WE'LL NOTI-
FY ALL
LAWMEN BY
WIRE TO
ADVISE
EVERY POSSIBLE
BAND AND HEAD
FOR PREDSTONE.



WROTE AFTERWORD BACK AT THE HILLS

IT'S A STAMPEDE! THE
ARMY'S ORDERING EVERY
LAWMAN IN THE TERRITORY
TO HEAD FOR THE
PREDSTONE.

LUCKY THING YOU
USED TO BE A
TELEGRAPHER,
BIP!



AND NOON

I'M LEAVING YOU BOYS TO CUT THE
WIRES ONCE THE MESSAGES GET
THROUGH. WE DON'T WANT THE
LINE HOOKING AFTER THE
RAID STARTS.

WE GET IT
BOND.









BUT COLONEL, THOSE OUTLAWS MAY BE FLEEING AND MURDERING THEIR WAY SOUTH THIS VERY MINUTE. IT'S OUR ONE CHANCE.

YOU'RE RIGHT. I'LL ORDER YOU RELEASED.



MOVEMENTS LATER... BUT COLONEL, YOUNG EAGLE MAY BE ONE OF THEM. AFTER ALL, THE RYNDALL IS MISSING. YOU'LL BE HELD RESPONSIBLE.

IT'S A GAMBLE, I KNOW. BUT IF YOUNG EAGLE CAN REDEEM HIS LIFE, I GUESS I CAN RISK MY CAREER.



COME, GENTLEMEN, ASSEMBLE YOUR MEN. WE'RE HEADING EAST.



ALL THAT NIGHT YOUNG EAGLE TRAVELS AT BREAK-NECK SPEED.

FASTER, THUNDER! WE'VE GOT TO STOP THEM AT THIS.



DATE: THE NEXT AFTERNOON

THERE THEY GO, LOADED DOWN WITH LOOT, AND THEY'RE HEADED STRAIGHT FOR RYNDALL CITY!



WITH THE WINDS DOWN THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO GET WORD TO THE COLONEL... A MESSAGE TIED TO CLANFOOT'S LEG.

MOMENTS LATER —

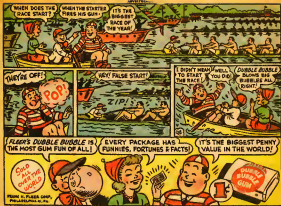


SHORTLY AFTERNOON AT RANDALL CITY —









Q&A

SEE HOW MANY YOU CAN ANSWER CORRECTLY. SCORE YOURSELF - 5 FILL-INS, 5 CORRECT, 5 WRONG - 4 CORRECT GOOD - 3 CORRECT, 2 - 2 CORRECT POOR!

- ① THOMAS JEFFERSON WAS THE SECOND VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE U.S.

TRUE _____ FALSE _____



- ② ONE ROD IS EQUAL TO FIVE AND ONE-HALF YARDS.

TRUE _____ FALSE _____



- ③ THE SUN IS A PLANET.

TRUE _____ FALSE _____



- ④ BUSH IS THE NAME OF THE HORSE BELONGING TO THE FAMOUS COWBOY LASH LARUE.

TRUE _____ FALSE _____



- ⑤ VENUS IS THE NAME OF A PLANET.

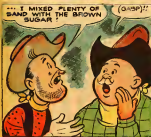
TRUE _____ FALSE _____



ANSWERS:

① TRUE ② FALSE ③ TRUE ④ TRUE ⑤ TRUE







SO I WENT AND GOT THE PAIL OF WATER. WHEN I BROUGHT IT UP TO THE HOUSE MY BOSS STARTED TO SAY, "NOW WHILE YOU'RE WET..." BUT I DIDN'T LET HIM FINISH!



I THREW THE PAIL OF WATER ON HIM AND SAID "NOW WHILE YOU'RE WET, DO SOMETHING FOR YOURSELF!"



HE GOT REAL ANGRY. YUH CAN'T DOUSE YOUR BOSS WITH A BUCKET OF WATER AND NOT EXPECT HIM TO GIVE YUH THE BOUNCE!



WELL, HE WANTED TOO MUCH! OH, SO ANYWAY, I'M OUT OF WORK AND BROKE AND ER, WAS WONDERING IF YUH COULD, ER, HELP ME OUT WITH A FEW DOLLARS!



I WON'T GIVE YUH ANY MONEY, BUT I WILL TELL YUH A STORY THAT WILL BE A BIG HELP TO YUH! THAT ONCE WAS AN ANT WHO WORKED VERY HARD ALL SUMMER AND HE HAD SHELTER AND FOOD FOR THE WHOLE WINTER!



BUT THAT WAS A LAZY GRASSHOPPER WHO DIDN'T WORK AND LOAFER ALL SUMMER! IN THE WINTER, HE WAS STARVING AND COLD! SO HE WENT TO THE ANT FOR HELP!



THE MORAL OF THIS STORY IS-- ALWAYS HAVE A RICH ANT (AUNT)! HA, HA! SO LONG!



BUCK SHOT



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YOUNG EAGLE

THE UNKNOWN BONANZA

By Fardo Binder

THREE horses wound their way through the wild badlands stretching on all sides. On the lead horse sat Clem Gordy, a western guide. The young man and woman behind him wore Easterners. Hal Hamilton and his pretty wife, Lora.

"Oh!" gasped the girl suddenly. "This heat is unbearable. Can't we stop and rest a while?" Hal turned with a frown. "I told you you shouldn't have come along, Lora. This is a man's game, searching for a strike."

"I know," Lora responded miserably. "a woman is only a drawback and a nuisance on a trip like this. Why didn't I stay home where I belong? But I couldn't resist joining this treasure hunt." An eager look came into her eyes. "When that old map turned up in our family papers, I thought of the thrill of finding a lost bonanza. What do you think it is, Hal? An old gold mine? Or a cache of diamonds?"

"Who knows?" shrugged Hal, holding up the yellowed paper. "The old prospector who made it out didn't say. He just marked the route to the spot and labeled it a 'bonanza.' We won't know what the strike is till we get there."

"And if I hadn't come along, holding you back," said the girl almost tearfully, "you and Clem Gordy would have reached it before now. I'm sorry I insisted on coming along, Hal."

"Well, too late to do anything about it now," Hal said. He called to the guide. "Clem, are we getting anywhere near the bonanza?"

Clem Gordy nodded. "We'll reach it today, I reckon."

Hal let out a whoop of joy. "At last! Lost treasure! An unknown bonanza! Lora and I will be rich for life. As for you, Clem, you'll get the ten percent we agreed upon."

Clem Gordy's eyes were suddenly beady. "I want more," he drawled. "And remember, you won't find it without me."

Hal and Lora were shocked. "Why, that's blackmail!" Hal cried. "But you've got us where you want us. How about twenty-five percent?"

Clem grinned crookedly. "Mighty generous of you but I want more yet."

"I had a hunch you couldn't be trusted," Hal said angrily. "All right, we'll split fifty-fifty. I suppose that's what you're holding us up for. You get fifty percent. Lead on."

But Clem made no move. "I don't want fifty percent. I want one hundred percent!"

Hal gasped. "You want all of it? Why, you crook, you can't get away with this—if"

"Can't I?" snapped Clem, pulling his gun and aiming it at them. "Who's to stop me? You've got no gun, I'm going to cash in on the whole bonanza, savvy?"

Hal and Lora clutched each other in white-faced horror, expecting death on the spot. The guide that they had so hastily hired had turned out to be a greedy and ruthless badman!

Clem laughed roughly. "No, I won't kill you now. I can use your help. You're going to help me dig for gold or whatever we find. Then I'll feed you to the buzzards. When I return, with the bonanza, it'll be easy to explain how a couple of tenderfeet fell off a cliff by accident, leaving me in the clear."

Hal groaned at the cunning plot. But suddenly he saw his chance as Clem's horse shied a bit. Hal leaped off his own horse at Clem and hurled him to the ground. The gun fell out of Clem's hands and clattered a dozen feet away. The two men fought now on the ground, slugging at each other.

"Lora!" Hal panted. "Get the gun. Hurry!"

Lora struggled off her horse and ran for the gun. But in her haste she stumbled over a stone and pitched against Hal himself, knocking him aside. By the time Hal recovered, Clem had snatched up the gun and once more had the upper hand.

"Oh," moaned Lora wretchedly. "I failed you, Hal. I'm still just a big nuisance, that's all."

"No more tricks," snarled Clem. "I'll keep you covered good. Get going."

A nightmare followed for Hal and Lora. Later that day they reached the spot marked on the map. It was a desolate little valley with cliffs of white stone all around. Hardly anything grew. A tiny stream of water trickled along.

"Pan that stream for gold," ordered Clem. His ready gun forced Hal and Lora to obey, working hard under the hot sun. But no grains or nuggets of yellow metal rewarded them.

"Where's the bonanza?" muttered Clem impatiently. "Dig down and let's see if there are any diamonds or rubies around. Nice to have you folks do the hard work for me."

But this labor, on the part of Hal and Lora, yielded nothing more than whitish soil with an acrid smell. Cursing, Clem made them use a pickaxe on the cliffs nearby, but it was only crumbly white stone, barren of wealth.

Lora suddenly fainted, haggard and worn. Hal carried her to the stream and hastily scooped water and dashed it into her face, rousing her.

"I'm still a nuisance!" the girl said wanly. "Now you have to do the work alone."

Clem was relentless. He made Hal search for a tunnel or a cave that might be a hidden mine, but nothing turned up. Clem screamed in rage finally. "It's all a lie!" he screeched. "The old prospector who made out that map was plumb loco! That's no bonanza here at all. This was all a wild goose chase!"

Strangely, Hal began laughing now. "The joke's on you, Clem! You thought you were robbing us of a big strike, but it turns out to be utterly worthless. We've got the laugh on him, Lora!"

But instead of laughing, there was a wild look in Lora's face. "Hal, there *is* treasure here!" She whispered. "A big strike! Not gold or diamonds but . . ."

"Hush, dear," Hal soothed pityingly. "Don't let it get you. Don't go out of your head, poor kid. Just be calm—before the end. Clem is so angry at getting nothing out of this at all, he will kill us in revenge I'm afraid. He's aiming the gun at us now!"

For a moment, his face twisting savagely, the crooked guide seemed about to shoot them

down in cold blood. But suddenly he halted. "Wait! Why should I be a fool? I can still get something out of this. If I guide you back, you still owe me a big guide's fee."

Hal was thunderstruck. "But when we report your crime—?"

"What crime?" interrupted the badman, grinning. "What did I steal from you? There was no bonanza! I didn't kill you. I only guided you here and back and you'll have to pay up. Let's go."

Hal turned in anger all the way back, yet could see no way of getting Clem arrested. As long as there was no bonanza, he had committed no real crime in attempting to hog it all for himself. By bringing them back alive, he was safe from the law on all counts. And Hal would have to pay his fee. Far from gaining a fortune on this false treasure hunt, he and Lora were ending up penniless. What a farce!

But worse yet, Hal was worried over Lora. She had a wild look in her face all the way back, and refused to talk. Was she unhinged by the whole experience? Had her mind cracked?

Hal was sure of it when they reached town and Lora hailed the sheriff, pointing at Clem. "Sheriff!" she said, "arrest that man for attempted robbery of our bonanza!"

Clem laughed. "What bonanza?" he sneered. "We didn't come back with any gold or silver or jewels or anything . . ."

BUT we come back with this!" Lora snapped, taking a handful of white grains from her pocket. "You two men were thinking only in terms of gold or silver and such obvious treasure. But the real treasure is this white stuff, millions of tons of it, ready for the market. It only sells for a few cents a pound, but it's worth more than a gold mine because it's one of the most useful things in the world."

Clem stared in dawning comprehension. "Treasure!" he groaned, "and I missed it!" Cursing, he was led to jail, for now the crime could be charged against him.

Hal folded Lora in his arms. "So you were just a nuisance, eh? If you hadn't been along, I'd have missed the bonanza too. Only a woman would have noticed that the big treasure was—salt!"

THE END





Young Eagleⁱⁿ THUNDER RIDES THE TRAIL



THROUGHOUT YOUNG EAGLE'S GLAZING CAREER, HIS FAITHFUL HORSE, THUNDER, HAS ALWAYS BEEN WITH HIM. BUT ONE OF THE MOST EXCITING OF THE FAMOUS INDIAN SCOUT'S ADVENTURES IS THE THRILLING STORY OF HOW HE CAME TO OWN THE MIGHTY WHITE SEALION!

ONE SPRING, WHEN THE FAMOUS INDIAN SCOUT WAS AN UNTRIED YOUTH—

YOU DID THE WORK OF THREE MEN ON THIS WILD HORSE HUNT, YOUNG EAGLE. YOU WILL MAKE A FAMED WARRIOR SOMEDAY.

I WILL TRY TO LIVE UP TO YOUR PROPHECY, GREAT MAN!



THESE HORSES WE CAPTURED ARE A FINE LOT. THREE GOOD MOUNTS FOR EACH OF US!



EXCEPT FOR THAT SHIFTLSS SAUMBLER, COYOTE TAIL.

HE DID ALMOST NOTHING ON THE HUNT, YET HE FIELD CHEATED BECAUSE HE WAS GIVEN THAT SCRAWNY WHITE COAT AS PART OF HIS SHARE.



BACK IN THE VILLAGE, COYOTE TAIL VENTED HIS ANGER ON THE COIT CHIEF AGAIN.

SHINY BAG OF BONES!
BAG! I SHOULD HAVE
LEFT YOU FOR THE
WOLVES!

CRASHING WIND, YOUNG
EAGLE, KNOCK BUT A CORNER
WOULD BEAT A HORSE
THAT WAY!



BOUNDED BEYOND ENDURANCE, THE COIT LAMED BACK...

NEIGH!

KICK AT ME,
WILL YOU?



THE COIT HAS COURAGE. HE FIGHTS
BACK WITH THE HEART OF A MOUNTAIN
LION. I CANNOT PUNISH HIM
BEING GENTLE.



WELL, COYOTE
TAIL, I WILL
TEACH YOU THIS
MORNING OF WIND
FOR YOUR COIT.



YOU ARE A FOOL
TO MAKE A BAR-
GAIN LIKE THAT,
BUT I WILL HOLD
YOU TO YOUR
WORD.

BUT AS YOUNG EAGLE TURNED AWAY
WITH THE COIT...

FOOD FOR
SUZZARDS -
I'LL HELL RID
OF YOU.

HOLD YOUR BLOND,
THAT COIT HAS
MORE COURAGE
THAN YOU DO.



YOU DARE TALK LIKE THAT TO
A WARRIOR OF THE TRIBE?
WELL, YOU YOUNG --- ?

YES, I AM YOUNG ---



...BUT NOT TOO YOUNG TO
KNOW A WARRIOR FROM
A CORNER.





HA HA HA! COYOTE TAIL HAS BEEN
BY AN UNTRIED BRIBE! AND HE
CALLS HIMSELF A WARRIOR.



BEWARE, YOUNG EAGLE. COYOTE
TAIL IS A DEFTFUL AND EVIL MAN!
HE WILL NOT FORGET EASY.

I WILL BE READY IF
HE BRINGS REVENGE!



WHINNEE!



FOOD, CARE AND FRIENDSHIP
WERE ALL YOU REALLY WANTED.

ON THE
MOUNTAIN THAT
FOLLOWED,
YOUNG EAGLE
DISCOVERED CARE
AND AFFECTION
ON THE FOOT,
AND BY THE
TIME SUMMER
CAME - - -



YOUNG EAGLE HAS TRAINED
HIS COLT WELL. ALREADY
IT IS THE FINEST MOUNT
IN THE VILLAGE.

I HAVE HEARD YOUNG EAGLE
HAS ENTERED HIM IN THE
RACE ON THE DAY OF THE
SPIRIT SUN FESTIVAL NEXT
WORTH.



COYOTE TAIL MUST FEEL
CHERISHED FOR TRADING
AWAY THAT FINE ANIMAL.

I DO NOT THINK THAT
HE HAS FORGOTTEN.
SEE HOW HE WATCHES
YOUNG EAGLE. THE
EVIL SHINES FROM
HIS EYES.

AND ON THE DAY OF THE GREAT FESTIVAL,
THE WHITE GOLT PROVED HIMSELF.

LOOK AT THAT! THE WHITE GOLT HAS
BEATEN THE PRIZE HORSES IN
THE WEST.

HIGH-TO-TOE! YOUNG EAGLE
WINS! WAHOOO!



COYOTE TAIL, YOUR ANGER SPOILED
YOUR JUDGMENT ON THE RACE.
YOU OWE ME SIX BLANKETS
AND TWO HORSES.

SHALL I HERE TAKE
THEM?



THE SCORE IS ADDING UP, BUT THAT
CURSED YOUNG EAGLE WILL PAY
FOR THIS SOWING.



WHAMMIE, AT THE FINISH LINE

YOU ROCK A WILDED
RACE, YOUNG EAGLE.
YOU ARE A CREDIT
TO YOUR TRIBE.

THANK YOU,
GRAY
BEAR.



NOW I WANT YOU
TO MEET AN OLD
FRIEND OF OUR
TRIBE, BROWN
COLLARD.

THAT'S A FRIEND
YOU HAVE
HERE, YOUNG
EAGLE. ONE OF
THE PRIZE PIECES
OF HORSE FLESH
I'VE SEEN ON THESE
PLAINS.



I'VE GOT A HORSE BREEDING RAUGH
ABOUT TWENTY MILES NORTH OF
HERE. I COULD USE A HORSE
LIKE THAT TO BUILD UP MY
STOCK.

I'M SORRY, MR. COLLARD,
HE IS NOT FOR SALE.







IT'S YOUR EAGLE. THIS IS MY CHANCE TO EVEN THE SCORE.

OHNO!



I WOULD SHOOT HIM, BUT I DO NOT WANT TO ABANDON THE CAMP.

IT IS BETTER THAT NOW. NOW LET US HASTEN BEFORE OTHERS COME.



FASTER! WE HAVE MANY MILES TO RIDE TONIGHT. BESIDES, YOUNG EAGLE MAY TRAIL US.



MY COLT! THEY'VE STOLEN HIM!



BUT THEIR HOOF PRINTS ARE CLEAR IN THE MOONLIGHT. THEY WENT STRAIGHT FOR THE NORTH.



TWO DAYS LATER...

I HAVE BORROWED ANOTHER HORSE. I SHALL HUNT THEM DOWN IF IT MEANS MY LIFE!



LATER THAT NIGHT, THE HORSE THEFTERS ARRIVED AT THEIR DESTINATION.

YES, MY NAME IS BRAND COLLINS. WHAT DO YOU WANT?

WE HAVE THE WHITE COAT THAT WORE THE EAGLE YES—THERE! THE ONE YOU WANT TO BUY FOR A THOUSAND DOLLARS.





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